

The Toike Oil
University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Store

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

To:

From:

RIDE THE ROCKET!
Center TTC pullout.

Special Christmas
section. See Page 8.

JUST FOR KIDS!
Birgeneau's getting
ready for the holidays

The limerick contest
results have arrived...

The Toike Oike

Volume XCVII - Issue IV, 2003

8740 Sandford Fleming
10 King's College Road
Toronto ON M5S 3G4
tel: (416) 978-2917
fax: (416) 978-1245
e-mail: toike@skule.ca
<http://toike.skule.ca>

Editor-in-Chief Kevin Au

Editorial Staff

Copy Editors Terry Lung
Holly Wonch

Graphics Editor David Kobayashi

Layout Editor Jesse Katz-Totton

Quality Assurance Paul Dabrowski

Senior Staff Writer Laurent Noonan

Staff Writers Dave McKenna
Annie Unnold
Alex Wun
Alice Xu

Webmaster Anthony Apostoli

Production Staff

Art/Graphics Kan Li
Henry Cheung

Writers Mei Ling Chen
Brian Cox
Sean Hockin
James Holler
David Kim
Anne Lange
Robert Lee
Ronnie Linklater
Nick Loberto
Pravcer Sharina
Ben Spigel
Marin Turk

Foreign Correspondent Mark Jaggassar

Special Thanks to:

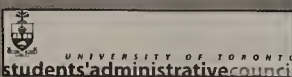
Sean Fitzpatrick, Katy Howard, Sarah
Lacey, Michael Pacione,
Paul Panayotou, Johannah Smith

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.



Printer

Weller Publishing Inc

LETTERS

Dear Toike Editor:

I am a liberated womyn (spelled with a "y" to eliminate the patriarchal oppression of the word "man" in a feminine pronoun). I respect my body, and will only consider consummating a relationship with a man who respects me as his equal. Thus, I was appalled at the picture of a female pointing to her reproductive organs that appeared on the front cover of last month's issue. Because the photograph only showed this womyn from the neck down, with her face edited out, a fairly clear message was put forth. Her objectified body was severed from the one thing that truly matters: her mind.

What confounds me, is that within the same issue of your publication, the womyn appears in completely appropriate and respectful ways. Once she even appears with a thought bubble, and I quote, "Suck it." Hence, we have a womyn whose thoughts are expressed, and whose opinions about what should be done with her reproductive organs are privileged. The image on the front cover, in sharp contrast, serve only to privilege the male gaze.

Sincerely,
Gloria Katt

Editorial

'Tis the Season...

...to be randy! Fa-la-la-la-LA-la-la-la-laaa

With all the clutching and grabbing going on in the NHL these days, you'd think hockey players would land into as much trouble as our troubled friend Michael Jackson. But such is not the case, and Canada's game is quickly degenerating into one big ass-grab.

I bet all those old-timers playing at the heritage classic in Commonwealth Stadium just shake their head at how the game is played now. Then again, I'm sure that they weren't thinking much besides my nuts are freezing. It was -15°C after all, and probably somewhere downwards of -30°C with the infamous wind-chill. But who am I to spit out facts? I don't know shit.

I do know, however, that there isn't any clutching and grabbing going on at Nathan Phillips Square. The thing that makes Toronto a world-class city isn't the fact that we are a vibrant, multicultural pot-luck—it's the fact that we have a skating rink in the middle of our downtown core right outside City Hall (that's at Bay and Queen in case you didn't know).

So I was out there in the afternoon for a quick reconnaissance skate before the first official game of shinny was scheduled to take place

The Toike Oike Top Six List

"The Top 6 Reasons Your Hand Is Frozen To Your Dick"

1. While washing your hands during a shift at the meat locker, you notice a freezer door open and go to close it, only to slip and have the door slam behind you. Thinking you are about to die, you decide to spend your last minutes stroking the salami (you know what I mean) only to have the janitor open the door and catch you in the act
2. You built an incredibly realistic snow sculpture of Pamela Anderson and became curiously aroused
3. You were ice fishing, but decided to fuck the fish instead, and tried to pull out
4. While experimenting with liquid nitrogen, you accidentally spilled some down your pants, and immediately moved your hand to protect your genitals
5. The crotch of your pants caught fire and you used a fire extinguisher to put it out, while also patting the flames out
6. You took a leak outside during the freezing rain

later that night. Some asshole was skating around with a Starbucks tank strapped to his back giving out hot chocolate for free. I kept imagining that it was really a flamethrower and that soon he would blow up accidentally into a big ball of flame. While I was in the midst of this daydream I plowed straight into some kid that was about a third of my height. Woops. Time to go.

Fast forward to our game of shinny at 1:30AM in the morning. The ice was shit (guess those kids tore it up pretty good after I left) and it was pretty damn cold. My roommate was skating around rather drunk and kept falling down in a heap... cigarette in hand. The puck wouldn't slide more than a metre before the snow killed its momentum. So we stopped and sat down in the middle of the rink, sulking at our poor luck. One of the other skaters on the ice skated up to us and said, out of the blue:

"You guys want a beer?"

Let me tell you, that was a touch of class... Canadian class. That's what makes this place great. So thanks to those fine folks from Nanaimo, BC for the beers. It was Molson Export—ice cold, no less.

Kevin Au

Kevin Au
Editor-in-Chief

WHITESPACE PROBLEMS?

We can fix it up, real good.

I'm talking Ish, pop, pow!

You know...

Call Cheetas at 416-946-3586

Only \$4.20 / sq. km

Best Wings

Best Student Pub

-2002 eye magazine reader's poll



ein·stein

where great
minds
drink alike

The Original College
Tradition Since 9T6!

229 College Street
("CE" on Campus map)
www.ein-stein.ca
416/59•STEIN

BEER • WINGS • POOL • JAVA • NTN
SPORTS • MUSIC • Q&B • SPIRITS
COMEDY • JUKEBOX • EVENTS

HEY KIDS!

We're only having one content
meeting this month 'cause of
exams! bummer...

Try to make it!

Saturday Dec. 6, 2003
2:00PM in Eng-Com!!!

or e-mail ideas to
toike@skule.ca

LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS

BOYFRIEND VOMITS AFTER WATCHING "A BABY STORY" MARATHON

ETOBICOKE (Star) – John Beals recently blew chunks in a sink after his girlfriend of four months, Kristen Balfour, flipped to TLC and discovered that a two-hour block of "A Baby Story" was playing. It was not the gory details of birth that made John queasy, but the level of commitment that the show suggested. Commented Beals, "Listen, we've only known each other since frosh week! I would have thought we could at least start with 'A Dating Story,' move on to 'A Wedding Story' and then maybe watch 'A Baby Story' a few years down the road. What is she trying to say?" Before vomiting again, John omitted a string of nervous noises that almost sounded like laughter, but was not.

LOCAL HERO 'FROSTY' IS ACTUALLY SNOW

SCARBOROUGH (Mirror) – Resident Amos Williams unleashed a flurry of controversy by unmasking the neighbourhood's favourite new visitor as nothing more than three large balls of snow topped with a simple hat. "I watched the whole thing happen," said Williams. He was watching when a group of local children animated a simple snowman by adding a face and hat found in Williams' trash. "There must be some kind of voodoo magic in that old hat, I say." The visitor, named 'Frosty,' had become a popular friend to local children, known to all as a dancer and proponent of Christmas cheer. Williams, however, was not impressed: "These kids were goofing around on my front lawn all day. Do you know what a dancing snowman does to your grass? Thumpety, thump, thump – hot damn."

ROOM WALLS GRADUALLY ENCLOSE ON TENANT'S MIND

TORONTO (CUP) – Martin, a basement apartment tenant, who's room lacks windows, posters, and any wall-dressings whatsoever, is slowly going crazy. His mind perceives the walls closing in on him. He thinks he is stuck in pandemonium. Nothing can save him from, as he puts it, "the walls." Friends of Martin describe his bare-walled bedroom as nothing better than "hell on earth." One friend likened the experience as that of being stranded in a desolate Siberian wilderness. "Dude, it just makes you feel so freaking lonesome," explains one of his friends, Jason Smeardon. "I was in his room but two minutes before I got the jimmies and had to high-tail my ass out of there double speed. I'm never, ever, going to Martin's place again." Apart from several random phone calls to acquaintances, consisting of heavy breathing and piercing shrieks, Martin has not been seen or heard from in the last three and half weeks.

NEWBIE SKATEBOARDER PERFECTS FACEPLANT

TORONTO (Toike) – Mike Holkins, a first-year Poli-Sci major, and novice skateboarder, was on St. George Street in front of Sidney Smith, attempting to move around on his board without falling for more than five seconds, when his practice was interrupted by the passing by of Lisa Jensen, a girl who once sat next to him during a tutorial and with whom he became infatuated with. Hoping to impress her, Mike tried to ollie but went flying face first into a light pole. This resulted in raucous laughter and snide comments from those around, including Lisa. As Mike rolled around in agony, trying to staunch the fountains of blood from his shattered nose, he was heard to mumble "I wonder if she saw me." Lisa was heard to mumble "What a loser."

INTERNET PIRACY THREATENS RESIDENCE SECURITY ON U of T CAMPUS

During the past two months, residences around U of T's St. George campus have encountered an alarming number of internet pirating-related break-ins. U of T network gurus blame the rise in network violations on an outdated firewall system, and allege that a malicious virus is spreading around campus computers through email attachments that compromise Windows security. But students living in fear on campus insist the problem is much more severe than any run-of-the-mill computer worm, and are screaming for action.

The first case was reported seven weeks ago by first year student Charles Murdoch, who lives in New2 College.



Dude, Holy Shit, Dude.

"I was in res the other night finishing an overdue essay, and I got bored so I went online to check my email," explains Murdoch. "Next thing I know this pirate dude comes out of my monitor and starts yelling at me. He was all, 'Arrrrgh! Pieces of eight, hand 'em over, ye filthy dog!' and he was, like, swinging his dagger at me and demanding I tell him which folder I keep all my pornography in. So I turned off my monitor and he disappeared. Dude, holy shit dude, it was intense."

Eight more cases of internet pirating have been officially reported since, with many more incidents with potential pirate involvement. U of T residences are warning students not to use their internet connections, and to keep a dagger handy while the problem is being addressed.

Ronny Mathews, a student of Victoria College, recounts his experience with the internet Pirates:

"I left my computer on to download a hootleg version of Matrix: Revolutions while I went to get some dinner at Spring Rolls. An hour later I went back to my room and found all these pirates tearing the place apart. They were slicing the walls with their swords and throwing all my belongings everywhere, looking for booty. I told them they were in the right place, but they had to get the hell out of my room! Somehow they got hold of the mini keg I was storing in my closet and they pierced the side of it, taking dregs as they sang '99 Bottles of Beer (On the

Wall)". One of them was firing off a miniature cannon at my Jennifer Lopez poster. He yelled, 'Rot in hell, ya scurvy cur!' before swinging out my window on a rope."

Continues Ronny: "They shook their fists at me a lot, but I think all they stole was my bottle of rum and some Playboy magazines I had under the bed. Still, at least they left the cannon, which was actually pretty cool!"

ResNet authorities were asked to comment on the situation, but the Toike was unable to get through. They later released the following statement:



Above: The pirates caught on an undated surveillance photo

Bullied Girl Grateful To Those Who Have Made Her Stronger

MISSISSAUGA, ON – 13-year-old Theresa Morgan was surrounded by her family yesterday, as she awoke from a weeklong coma induced by heavy trauma. The teen, who made headlines last week for being brutally attacked by her classmates, is now in stable condition.

"I'm fine now, really," Morgan said from her hospital bed. "The doctors say it might be another month or two before I have full usage of my hand. Luckily it's my right hand that's mostly cut." She joked, revealing two rows of braced teeth. "This way I won't have to do any homework."

According to her parents, this is not the only incident where their daughter has been bullied, only the most physically damaging one. "We tried to talk to the school... but they never listened at the PTA meetings," Theresa's mother whispered while blinking back tears. "Look what they did to my little girl."

"My mom always exaggerates," Morgan quickly added on, "it's really all for the best. Now I have an extra long Christmas vacation."

When asked about the bullies, Theresa was very forgiving. "They are just trying to make sure I don't have my head up in the clouds. Keeping me on my toes. I have to admit, I was getting used to not worrying about getting beat up. This was a really good wake-up call. We all need to be humbled. Just like when they used to give me swirlys by dunking my head in the toilet bowls, they were just helping me get over my fear of water."

"I'm a big swimmer now." She happily added. "I can't wait to swim again, once I'm out of this body cast."

"And when they give me wedgies everyday, boy, that was a good way to make sure your underwear

God Hurls Student into Bus Stop

PIGEONS SCATTER

Toronto- While heading west on Bloor St, David Carrydy was suddenly lifted by unseen forces and violently thrown into a glass bus stop. Witnesses to the event heard an audible "aw fuck it" from the heavens before a beam of light shined down on the victim. He was then thrown onto the glass pane of the bus stop. Upon hearing the event, Catholic reporter Darren Villic attempted to reach God for comment using the familiar four button emergency dial. After having his call deferred to St. Jerome, Mother Mary, and St. Jude, Villic finally got through to big G-Money. God reportedly stated he was tired of "all this dancing bag in the wind shit".

Upon further questioning and a long pause that initiated a brief crisis of faith on Villic's part, God stated, "I had danced a plastic bag in front of that moron for 45 minutes trying to get him to see that there was a benevolent and loving hand ordering the universe, and that he had nothing to be afraid of, but did he notice? Noooo, he just kept on walking and thinking about his stupid goddamn [At this point God pause briefly and started laughing at his own Freudian slip] calculus test... anyways, I guess I just let it. At this point Villic tried to get into his usual

prayer habit of asking God to help with his Aunt's Bursitis, but God was on a roll. "It's not like writing a stupid newspaper article you know? You try creating and ordering an entire universe!!" God continued, "It's a lot of hard work, and is it too much to ask for a little credit and recognition around here?! You know what? I don't wanna talk about it anymore, this Prayer is over." At that point there was a long silence that prompted Villic to do the obligatory hang up motion to make sure that when he masturbated later, God wouldn't still be on the line.

Regardless of the reasoning, the event caused some commotion on the usually mundane street. Carrydy, the subject of the divine frustration, was said to be shaken but unharmed. In addition, the loud noise made by Carrydy hitting the glass caused nearby pigeons to scatter, and several people inside the bus stop were made to "jump real bad". Upon witnessing the event, onlooker and Sunday Hour of Power fan, Celia Anderson, fell backwards and proceeded to convulse on the ground. This prompted other onlookers to be like "oooooh kaaaaaaye", and continue on with their day.

James Haller

is durable." She recalled. "Which was very important, you know, when they'd pants me."

"I used to be scared of heights, but after they made me walk on the edge of the roof at school that one time, I feel so much more confident about heights. I only have them to thank for making me a better person." Morgan explained. "When they found out about my dad's drinking problem, and called him names, that hurt a little bit, until I realized it's always better to deal with your demons than avoiding them."

Theresa said the bullying also helped her with her physical appearance. "My mom knows I love chocolate chip cookies, so she'd

pack some for me everyday for lunch. When Amy found out, she took them from me every lunch. But it's all for the best, really" the 5'7", 105 lb girl says. "I am getting a little bit on the chubby side."

"I'm very grateful to still be here, the doctors say they almost lost me." She said as she examined her heavily bandaged body. "But if anything, this whole experience has just made me stronger."

Local authorities have deemed this case as typical "Girls will be girls" behavior—no charges will be laid.

Alice Xu

Travel Talk with Mark

Why Students make good Travellers

There comes a time in one's life when one must remove the shackles of education, and one must in turn don the shackles of real life. However, for some fortunates, there is often a period of limbo where one is shackles-free. It is at this unique point where travelling abroad becomes an option. Is backpacking expensive? Well, in a word: kinda sort of. But is it worthwhile? In another word: hell yes!



Naysayers aside, the Art of Backpacking is a both noble and enriching experience. There's nothing quite like being approached by persistent Coke-dealers in the streets of Amsterdam, or being chased by angry dogs in the Swiss Alps. Travelling when young is an amazing experience. Besides, you've got the rest of your life to pay for that once-in-a-lifetime travel; why not take advantage while in between shackles?

When presented with the prospect of budget travel, many students reply, "But I'm just a student! My nose is in the books; am I even qualified to travel?" I answer with a most resounding YES. As a matter of fact, unbeknownst to you, your university training has provided you with the ideal preparation to be a backpacker and budget travel extraordinaire.

"But I'm scared, confused, and lonely!" you reply. Well, I can certainly help you with your first two dilemmas. As for that last one, perhaps your fears will be eased when that weird old man cuddles up to you on your long night-train between Paris and Rome. So read on, and find out why you are so well suited to globe-trotting. One day, it might just be your turn to throw down that textbook-filled backpack, and on one of those much heavier, back-breaking kind of backpacks.

1. Sub par Living Conditions

An education is by no means easy on the pocketbook, and neither is world travelling. Like students, we backpackers do what we can to conserve our precious funds. This includes staying in the finest, cheapest, one star hotels and youth hostels, cooking what we can given our resources, and feasting on a healthy diet of bread, water, and your occasional bottle of '98 Bordeaux. Remember that pasta and cheese are your friends; scurvy, and eating out too much, your mortal enemy.

2. You want me to pay who t for WHAT?

The hidden costs involved in travelling can catch even the savvy explorer by surprise. Whether it's the Venice of the North (that's Amsterdam), or the Venice of the South (that's Venice), you'll eventually get yourself into this situation. You'll know what I mean when you really have to go, and

you're expected to pay up to \$2 to do what in Canada is both free, and natural. This type of kick-you-while-you're-down price gouging reminds me well of the ridiculously high prices of those tiny electricity and magnetism textbooks I bought - except my textbooks never made me wet my pants.

3. It's all Greek to me!

We students are masters when it comes to not understanding stuff. Looking lost and confused is what we do best! Listening to that obtuse prof is a lot like being in a new country with a different language you don't understand. Staring at non-English signs is remarkably similar to plodding through those textbooks of yours. Now, with their knowledge of the Greek alphabet, math and engineering students may believe that they'll be able to fit right into Greece. This is a common misconception. Trust me when I say that speaking Greek is not speaking "in the universal language of pure math!" You've been warned.

4. Packing - Optimizations and Job Scheduling

Any engineer or scientist worth his or her salt will know the basics behind optimization problems. These skills can be directly applied to the task of packing your already heavy backpack. How will you fit the most amount of junk as efficiently as possible? Have you ever heard of the Travelling Salesman problem? How can you travel as far as possible with minimal cost? You kids are made for this stuff!

5. We are used to Sleep Deprivation

Travelling from one place to another is no easy feat. With the obvious problem of Jet Lag aside, travellers still have to contend with hours and hours of transit in uncomfortable plane, train, and automobile chairs. Too often this is done without the benefit of enjoyable movies to watch, such as Planes, Trains, and Automobiles. Staying up all night in some train station, or keeping weird and non-existent sleeping patterns can be oh so reminiscent of those long nights during midterm season.

So, in conclusion, university students are prime candidates for backpacking. Travelling is a lot like school; except instead of being a student, you're a traveller. And instead of doing homework, you live like a transient nomad. Other than that, it's pretty much the same. So Bon Voyage! Er, I mean, Bon Study!

Stay tuned for the next edition of Travel Talk where we de-mystify foreign signs.

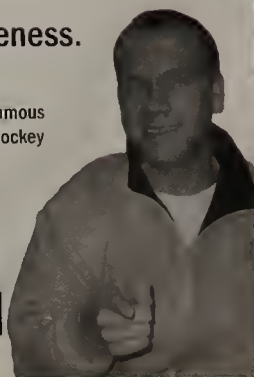
Mark Jaggassar

RONNY'S APTITUDE TEST (RAT)

Prove your capacity for dudeness.

Prep-courses available: Hang out with city-block famous Ron "the Ronster" Linklater on weekends. Watch hockey games and eat pizza in his basement apartment. To take the test, meet Ronny outside the bar on Friday and Saturday nights. Dude.

Questions? e-mail thedudeabides@hotmail.com



Man-Quiz

Signs That She Digs You.

1. She slips a rooie in your drink: *She must really dig you, because instead of bothering with all that flirting, doting, etc., she has decided to proceed with raping you. This is a true sign of affection; she must really like your eyes and think you have a great personality.*
2. She asks if you wouldn't mind if she brought her hot twin sister along next time: *She must have bragged about you so much, that her sister had to come along and see for herself if all the rumours are true.*
3. She didn't say "that's it?" afterwards like the last girl: *She must really like your personality if she's willing to ignore your sexual inadequacy. Wait, make that inadequacies.*
4. She plays footsie with you under the table, except instead of rubbing her foot on your foot, she uses her hand, and goes straight for your junk: *Nuff said really.*
5. She doesn't ask you to pay for any of her abortions: *She clearly likes you so much, that she wants you to save your precious money for more important investments, like a GameCube.*
6. She wears a vial of your blood around her neck: *Sure, she wears a vile of blood from everyone she knows around her neck, but your viol is a little bigger than everyone else's, and is made of silver.*
7. She only made you watch "Love, Actually" three times. And she only made you cry once.
8. She always insists on going to your favourite bar: *It's a little weird that both she and the guy in the adjacent booth both use the bathroom every ten minutes or so, but she told you that she had a small bladder, and revealing this intimate secret means she really digs you.*
9. She'll let you groom her underarm bair. It was a little weird at first, but now you are really good at braiding.
10. That ten pound box of condoms under her bed: *Despite the label reading "extro-lorge" (whoops, she must have overestimated your size), those babies must all be for you, because she digs you enough to stock up.*

Why I Can't Go to...

Mississippi

When I was a young boy, the school band and I went on a trip to the great state of Mississippi to play for the local red-neck population and such. So, on the last day, we played before redneck central, the Mississippi state legislature. Of course me and the other tromboners get into the moonsbine (Mississippi's finest product,) so when I get to the Senate, I'm just a bit tipsy. Actually, make that very sauced. Actually, make that as drunk as a 15 year-old touching alcohol for the first time, and that alcohol is actually a combination of paint thinner, antifreeze, and Pinesol for flavour.

Anyways, I'm walking a bit funny at the concert of the Mississippi legislature (read: crawling on the ground, talking to my trombone. I called him Tom,) and this senator, a really Colonel Sanders type, comes up to me and tries to start up a conversation.

Senator: Now, I say child, are you okay?

Me: You can't tell me what to do! We won the Civil War, dammit!

Senator: I say, how dare you!

Me: Damn redneck, my pappy killed your pappy at Twojima! I kick you lots now!

[I kick him lots]

Me: Hey, get these guards off me; I killed their pappies in the Tet Offensive!

Needless to say, I am no longer welcome in the state of Mississippi, on pain of brutal police beating. It isn't really a problem as far as I see. Mississippi is one of those piss-ant states that noone really cares about, I mean, what do they even have, the Mississippi river? Ohhh, water, and it's flowing! Wow, you can't see that anywhere.

Memphis

So this one time, I was watching the Home Shopping Network, and on came a program selling coins. They wanted \$45 for a set of 6 coins. Now, I'm not a math genius, but I added up the value the coins, and I came to the conclusion that the coins, all tolled, were only worth \$1.80. Being the punk-ass twelve-year-old that I was, I called up the 1-800 number provided at the bottom of my television screen. After all, they said I could give my best offer.

Operator: HSN! You want to order the commemorative coin set!??

Me: Yeah, I'll give you a dollar and eighty cents. (Snicker)

Then I hung up, pretty proud of myself for sticking it to the man, so to speak, even though the operator was a woman. Two seconds later...RING RING!

Me: Hello?

Operator: Girl, you should not have done that! I am calling the Memphis Police, and they are going to fix you good! We're going to trace your line!

Me: Oh shit, I'm sorry, I was just kidd-

Operator: [CLICK]

By now I'm scared, because I wasn't actually much of a punk-ass after all. I just wore baggy pants, which is not the same thing. At all. Here's where mom steps in, calls the HSN lady back and explains that I'm just a child, and that the police becoming involved is unnecessary. Supposedly the whole thing is cleared up. But somewhere in the call logs of the Memphis Police Department, circa 1997, there could still be a call from a pissed off HSN operator who is reporting me. All I know is, I can't steal anything from Elvis' house like I had always planned, because if they catch me, I might already have a police record down there, and they could fuck me up.

Ben Spigel

RESULTS OF THE 1ST ANNUAL TOIKE OIKE LIMERICK WRITING CONTEST

Last month the Toike Oike held a contest for our readers to see who could come up with the best limerick. Of the thousands and possibly millions of people who read the Toike, a whole three persons wrote in with submissions. We've listed our favourite ones below and selected one winner.

1st Place: Sean Fitzpatrick

Said the lad to his girlfriend, "I think
I can place all the blame on this drink!
I'm pretty sure herpes
Can be caught from surpurses,
And not from my history prof's drink!"

2nd Place: Sarah Lacey

I go to the college called Trinity;
Famed for its school of Divinity.
We like tradition and pomp,
And our underground swamp,
Where the first-years all lose their virginity.

3rd Place: Johannah Smith

I was walking through a shopping mart,
When a rancid smell filled my shopping cart.
My eyes started to water,
I looked at my daughter,
It was her friekin' first amazing fart.

4th Place: Sean Fitzpatrick

There once was a man from Baghdad,
Who was bugg'ring an Iraqi lad,
Who said, "Mr. Hussein,
You've caused me more pain,
Than if you were the Marquis de Sade!"

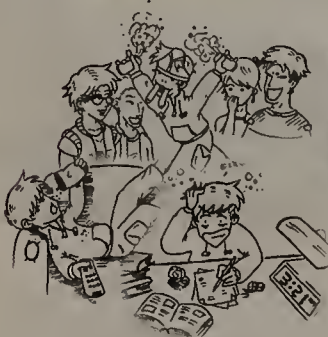
Congratulations to Sean Fitzpatrick, your winning entry gets you a used copy of *Playboy's Book of Limericks*. Drop by our office or e-mail the editor to retrieve your prize.

As an epilogue to this contest, here's a gimmerick written by one of our staff:

A dining patron complained to his cook:
"Your fettucini tastes worse than my foot!"
The cook then turned with disgust,
And chopped out the sorry mon's guts,
"Haw, Haw!" said the cook, as he spat on his face, "who's laughing now, shit head!?"

THE LEARNING CORNER!

THIS MONTH: PHYSICS FOR THE 'REST' OF US



**A BODY IN MOTION
TENDS TO STAY IN
MOTION.**

**A BODY IN REST
TENDS TO STAY IN
REST.**



My APARTMENT

SHOWCASING DOWNTOWN TORONTO'S URBAN LIVING SPACES

WHO: 3 U of T Students

WHAT: 3 Bedrooms, Living Room, Kitchen,
Patio w/ Borbeque

WHERE: 450 Queen St. W, Above Wong's
Super Happy Buffet 888

RENT: \$1500/month, util. included, 1 year
lease

WHY: Rustic, Verminesque, Multiple access-
points

First Impressions:

"Nestled in the seedy pedestrian underbelly of Toronto, when I first checked out the place I thought it was a hole. The door was a canvas for urban consumption, covered in ads for massage parlours and independent films.

As soon as I opened the door I knew this place was different. I thought I saw a mouse swing across the living room on a cobweb—figured I was seeing things. There were also some strange scribbles on the wall. There were a series of dates, five-star ratings, and commentary... like someone was reviewing a show. I thought nothing of it; someone in this house obviously loved theatre. The landlord could have cleaned the walls though."

Apartment Quirks:

"Things tend to go missing in this apartment. In the first week I lost my remote control and every single one of my lighters. Eventually I started buying matches but those went even faster. Everything started to go: cigarettes, cardboard boxes, tape, you name it. It was freaking me out. I had nightmares at night. I thought I heard scurrying, ballet music, and distant applause. Maybe I should lay off the heavy stuff."

Craziest Story:

"One night I stumbled into the kitchen after a night of heavy substance abuse. I don't know how to describe this so I'm going to tell it straight up. There were mice on the stovetop marching with matchsticks. Elaborate props were made of various things I thought had been lost: the remote was being carried by a platoon of mouse soldiers, in front of a cigarette-box backdrop. Some of them even had ballet shoes on. I don't know how the hell they made those. There was a fat one sitting on top of the counter, manipulating the lights in the kitchen, for dramatic effect, using a spoon to reach the switch. Across the kitchen on the countertop a whole raft of mice were sitting on the dish rack, in the gallery. I presume, using my lighter to show their approval. They stared at me menacingly, as if to ask why I didn't knock before entering, interrupting the performance. I think it was the Nutcracker!

I found a seat in the middle of the kitchen, excusing myself as I brushed by rows of already-seated mice. Together in silence we sat, and watched, and laughed, and even cried. It was a spectacle that defies explanation. I grabbed a glass of milk, scrawled a quick theatre review on the wall (4 stars, only because there was no singing) next to the others, and went to bed, strangely satisfied. The cycle had come full circle, and it all finally made sense."



Holidays Cause Cancer

By BEN SPIGEL

According to a recent report from the RAND Corporation, winter holidays are the most common time to get cancer. It's neither the stress nor the weather. Holiday Cancer as it's called has multiple causes, here are the leading factors.

Sirhan Sirhan

The recently released assassin, who killed presidential hopeful RFK in 1968, is now planning to inject you with cancer.

Jimmy Carter

There's just something fishy about him. Peanut Farmer or President, who can tell anymore.

Food

It causes cancer, you know. I suggest avoiding food when-ever possible, and injecting nutrients through IV tubes. It's more efficient anyways.

A Jealous Buddha

He's finished being patient and being worshiped by rich, annoying Californians. Now he's after your cells. And this time, it's personal.

Heroin

Maybe you would get less cancer if you stopped shooting the H, eh?

Dr. Pepper

It's so good, it has to be bad for you.

Starlight

Everything else causes cancer, why not this?

The Québécois

You just knew they were up to something, didn't you? It turns out they want to give you the horrible cancer.

Alf

This kitten eating alien invader, cleverly disguised as a small hairy man, plans world domination through giving world leaders nipple cancer.

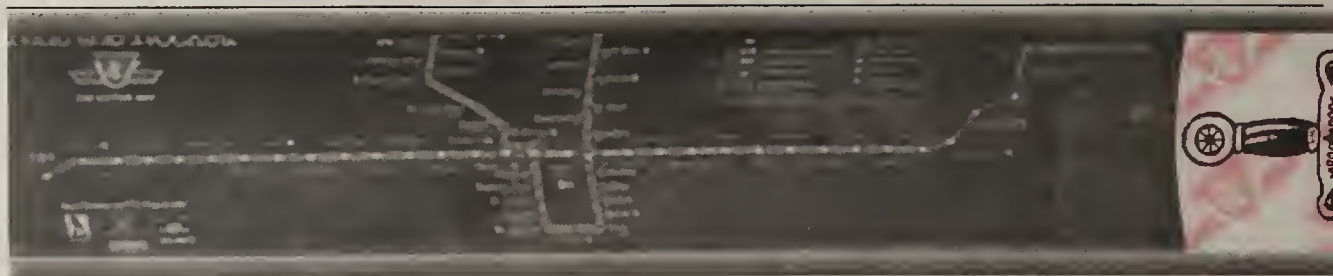
The Ghost of Simcoe

The spirit of Toronto's founder had risen from his enshrined grave and promises to inflict a plague of cancer on the unsuspecting populous, who he feels have become weak and complacent with time.

The Independent Principality of Monaco

Monaco and its King, fed up with being the party house of Euro-trash, has started a campaign of ending all human life outside their borders.

My only advice to avoid this onslaught of cancer is to move to New Zealand. None of these things will follow you there. Except for Jimmy Carter, he's like the freaking Terminator that way.



I Love (and Respect) the TTC



Okay so I'm from New York and I'm not used to having a subway system that makes sense or whatever. I'm used to having to whip out my .45 to just get a damn token. But here, there's a system. It's very laissez-faire; get your thing, put it in the little plastic box, observe the honor code, smile nice at the attendant, yeah yeah yeah, whatever, go on your merry little way. How delightful! How pleasant! How non-stressful. It is a joy to ride the TTC. Or at least that's what they want you to think, and it's usually true for most people with the ability to grasp basic concepts. Unfortunately I am not one of those people.

I fucked up the system and forgot to put the damn transfer thing in the box. I can't help it. Those boxes remind me of the ones in McDonald's where you put in a penny and a poor kid gets two McCookies. Anyway, I thought the dude smiled at me so obviously I interpreted his body language and started to go through the turnstile. Two seconds later I learned that I'm not as adept at body language interpretation as I thought because my advancement past the box was followed by a rather loud banging noise coming from inside the booth that sounded neither delightful nor pleasant.

So I turn around to see what's what and Ted the Happy Attendant is staring me in the face because he's come out of the booth to nip my delinquency in the bud. Unfortunately for me this involved rope and violence that got way past A-14. In the end, I was either drugged or bludgeoned in the head with Happy Ted's super-insulated coffee warmer because the next thing I remember was waking up in a room with a bunch of 11 year old kids. There was also a homeless guy wearing a map as a hat and two drunk New College girls in the corner holding their phones at different elevations because maybe if you hold it twelve centimeters higher you'll have service.

Anyway, I peeled myself off the floor and discovered that my undeposited transfer slip had been stapled to the front of my shirt, except it wasn't my shirt; I was now wearing a "Love the TTC" windbreaker. I was instructed by my comrades not to take it off, and from general conversation the following things were revealed to me: we were in a holding chamber located under Museum Station. There were two passageways leading to it: one from the subway, one from the ROM. Myself, Map-hat, and the Fido spokespeople in the corner were subway offenders. The prepubescent crowd on the other side of the

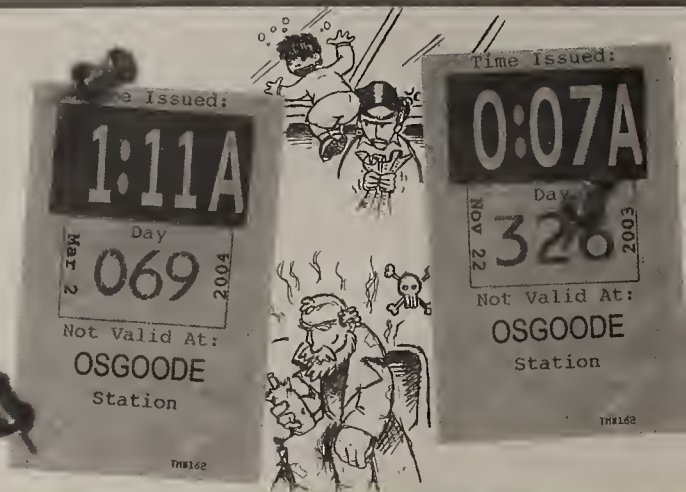
cell was comprised of the stupid kids who go to a museum and touch the art. My stomach turned. This was a bad place.

A couple of TTC Security Agents came in. I was escorted into another room, one of those government-y rooms like in True Lies where all the walls are mirrors and all Jamie Lee Curtis gets is a stool to sit on. Except in my case it was one of those subway seats, I guess to show me what I was missing out on, having not been competent enough to get on the subway.

They questioned me for hours. What were my motives for attempting to steal a transfer slip? Where was I going so fast? How could I have so uncaringly offended Ted? I was told that they believe in respect, respect above all, at the TTC. How would I feel if I was sitting in class and the professor just left the room without depositing his transfer slip? What would I do then?

The unending stream of questions was hemorrhaging my brain. I was confused, lost, cold, shaking in my windbreaker. I wanted to run, to run away, but the mirrors were closing in on me. I covered my head in the flimsy plastic hood and sat, huddled, crying in the corner, thinking why, why, for god-sakes, why didn't I remember to put the slip in the thing?! How could I have been so wrong, so stupid? So inconsiderate of Ted, Ted who'd been nothing but cheerful and friendly to me? Oh if only they would let me out, let me go, I would never do anything so wrong again...I would be an advocate of the Respect the TTC movement I saw before me. I would always wear my beautiful windbreaker. I would teach seminars about the proper way to deposit a transfer slip or fee before entering a terminal. I would love the TTC. I would BE the TTC.

I woke up on the front steps of the SAC office. It was just barely light out. I sat up, remembering all too well my experiences from the night before. I wondered where the New College girls were and if they ever got any service. I thought about the kids and imagined the new race of children who would be respectful of the art at museums. I looked around and discovered that I was cold; my windbreaker was gone. I scratched my head and discovered that someone had bandaged the cut I had gotten during my scuffle with Ted. I peeled off said bandage, and there, in my hand, was the only solid reminder of my adventure: a single Band-Aid that bore a message I will always remember...." The TTC loves you! Have a nice day." ●



What I Think of the TTC

By CAT-IN-THE-HAT



With your token in hand;
And a paper for news;
You can steer yourself
in any direction you choose.

Forget about school;
There's fun to be done;
There are stations to visit;
With no need to run.
Relax and the subway
will get to each one!

No one might say: "It's too good to be true,
It seems so fresh and so frightfully new."

Don't jump to conclusions and make this mistake;
The subway's not perfect, for heaven's sake.

What if it's full and you're forced to stand?
While losing your balance with pole tight in hand;
Tripping over your feet, with no room to land!

It's such a tight fit;
there's no room to sit;
Except in the corner of this poorly lit pit.
But you don't dare sit there;
ooh no sirree.

That window is dirty;
as gross as can be.
Look at the smear from that dude's greasy head;
Folks lean on the windows as if it's their bed!

But... the ride can be good, this fact sure is true.

You can save time and money, just like I do.

You can kill time by reading until it's your stop;
By looking at ads, from bottom to top.

But the subway's best feature, I'll tell you this now:
I can get home, much faster than thou.

And with no traffic to fight,
I can go home at night;
Drunk to the point where I've lost all my sight. ●

The Toike Oike TTC SUBWAY

Special Center Pullout

TTC SUBWAY FREAKS

The modern transit system in a large city is an ecosystem of its own, with strange creatures lurking in its dark corners. Since we at the Toike care so much about the welfare of our readers, we have put together a little compendium of these beings, so that you may take the necessary precautions around them.

THE SINGER:

This creature is usually male, mid 20's to 50's. He leans against the subway doors, blatantly ignoring the warning, and starts off humming an unidentifiable tune. However, he periodically erupts into full blown song, with facial contortions and fist motions. The important thing is to not be startled by this, as you might fall off your seat and then be trampled when the doors open and the mad horde rushes out. Glaring at The Singer should keep his exuberance in check. If not, stick pencils in your ears (pointy side in).

THE DRUNK:

This scruffy looking man, who may or may not be an official bum, is either slumped across multiple seats or standing in a rather unstable fashion. If he is a bum, a ripe odour will accompany him. There is sure to be mumbling in either case. It is wise to keep away from the bum, as he might suddenly awake and shout something out at you or try to grope you, which might cause you to wet your pants because you made the mistake of drinking water before getting on the subway even though you knew there's only about 5 freaking washrooms on the entire TTC line.

THE CELLPHONE GIRL:

This over-coiffed high school student/frosh will chatter loudly on a cellphone guaranteed to be small enough to be accidentally ingested by a hamster. The immense annoyance powers of the Cellphone Girl come from her every second word being "like", "totally", or "y'know", and sometime all three in a row. Within a few minutes you will be in tears. The best way to defeat the Cellphone Girl is by turning into the Singer. Even if your out-of-tune croaking doesn't

shut her up, at least it'll block out her words from your ears.

THE CELLPHONE GUY:

This counterpart of the Cellphone Girl differs in the content of his conversation: He will be usually talking in a manner to show off to his unwilling audience. This means he will loudly discuss his (a) Car (as in how sick it is), (b) Neighbourhood (as in how tough it is), or (c) Girlfriend (as in how jealous she was when he went to a party and twenty other girls hit on him). These are all figments of his imagination. The phone might not even be on. The best way to take care of him is to shake your head at him with an expression of pity, or to turn into the Singer.

THE JUMPY KID:

Jumpy kid will run around screaming and bumping into others. The parent will be looking out of the window without a care. While your overwhelming instinct will be to slap the kid, in modern society this is not advisable. What you must instead do is casually stick your leg out, as if you are stretching. The next time the kid comes around he'll trip and fall, and he won't run no more.

THE CRYING KID:

A far more insidious variety of Kid is the Crying Kid. Evolution has made it so that human ears are extraordinarily sensitive to the sound of a child's cry, and these little hellions take full advantage of that fact and blast their little throats at full volume. The parent will once again be completely unaware of this. To retain your sanity you must do the pencil thing mentioned above. Remember: pointy side in!

THE ROWDY GANG:

The Rowdy Gang will consist of a number of nasty looking "youth". Volumes will be loud. Brown bags will be in evidence. Trouble will be looming. Get out of there before one of

them says to the other: "I bet you five bucks you can't cut up the nerd over there".

RANDOM WEIRDOS:

Weirdos are, by nature, weird. They will engage in any number of behaviours designed to freak you out. These include talking to themselves, talking to the windows, making the sound of a revving engine, making animal sounds, vigorous and repeated rubbing of face, arm, or leg, continuous burping, tapping the sides of their head, sitting down on the floor, pointing at others, clapping, tugging at head hair, tugging at arm hair, scratching their bellies, and jumping around. Making you uncomfortable is the sole reason for their existence. To combat them, use a time honoured annoyance technique: do exactly what they're doing. Even if it doesn't stop them, it'll make you so crazy yourself that you won't be bothered by them anymore.

THE DRIVER WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL HE / SHE (OR IT) IS DOING:

Whether on bus, streetcar or subway, this is the most common freak on the TTC. He or she (or it) will keep announcing the wrong stops, close the doors while people are in between them, speed up and slow down to make those standing fall down on those sitting, utter profanities on the P.A., and generally make you think as if every trip you take might very well be your last. The only way to escape these is to not take transit. Who needs it anyway? Buy a motorcycle or something.

These are the most common and dangerous of the shady inhabitants of the transit world. I have personally witnessed each one of the phenomena mentioned above during more than 4 years of taking transit everyday. I hope my experience will make life just a little bit safer for you. And don't forget the great deals at my uncle's motorcycle dealership, MotoMart, where two wheels are better than four. ●

Praveer Sharma



TTC Etiquette

By Mei Ling Chen

Many of us are commuters. We all have to endure the long subway rides, the short bus rides and the sweaty streetcar rides. Let's face it, some people have no idea what to do after they pay their fare: where to stand, what to hold on to and when to get off. Here are some tips to make the daily journey to Skule a little more enjoyable for us all.

1. When getting on the subway shout out your stop continuously so that everyone will know when you're getting off. This will avoid any confusion. Shout louder with every stop so that the elderly and the hearing impaired will know exactly what you're saying.
2. When you have a two-hour commute you need to sit down. Sitting down can let you catch up on sleep and also study for that test you have. First you must visualize yourself sitting, only

then can you truly sit. Once you have that down, the real sitting can begin. Choose your seat, and check for sticky or wet spots. Others will probably want your seat, but you can easily paw them out of the way. Your calculus textbook might come in handy for once: a smack on the head with that thing and they'll be down for the count. Watch out for old people. They're the sneakiest of the bunch. They can use their age to guilt you into letting them sit. If you cut in front of them you will only look like an ass. The only thing to do is throw your bag onto the seat, thereby claiming your territory. Then dive in front of the old person. Now you can sit and relax.

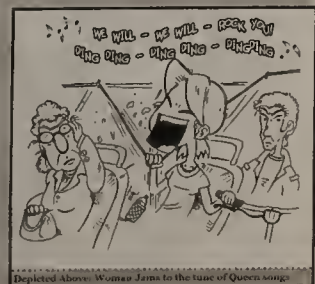
3. When a stop comes, even if it's not yours, show everyone where the door is by standing directly in front of it. Open your arms nice and wide so that people know just how much room they have to get through. Once your stop does come, do the same thing before leaping out of the train at the last possible second. This will be great practice for getting your adrenaline running the way it does when you have ten minutes left on a test.

4. Bring large objects such as bikes and strollers on to the train to make the path to the exit more challenging. If someone trips, pour water on their face, pull them up and give them a gentle push towards the door while shouting "Go! Go! Go!" Give high fives to those who make it out before the doors close.

5. Try to download the subway "doors closing" chime off the Internet and play it at home so you can practice steps three and four. Burn it on a CD and play the sound repeatedly at full blast on the subway. Groove to the music. Feel the rhythm. Get others to dance with you. This is a great way to meet other commuters such as you.

6. When getting off the bus you may notice a bar on the door that says "Push to Open." Stare at this bar for a moment to make sure you're reading it properly. Then pull at the bar, just in case it's possible to open it with a pull as well. If that doesn't work, inform the person behind you that you must push the bar to open so they won't make the same mistake. Now push the bar.

7. On a bus you may notice that you need to pull a cord to request a stop. The cord then makes a fun chime-y sound, which everyone enjoys. For a fun bonding experiences with the rest of the bus-goers, try pulling the cord to a rhythm which everyone can sing or clap to. Certain favourites are "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." ●



Depleted Above: Women Jams to the tune of Queen songs

Foreword from the editor: This 300th anniversary translated reprint of the famous experiment performed by the late Horace Fields recounts his horrifying observations in attempts to capture Santa Clause and cut him open. Funded by King Ferdinand of Prussia, Dr. Fields was certain that Santa Clause could be a source of gold. Though the experiment was a complete failure, it remains today as a testament to his everlasting intellect.

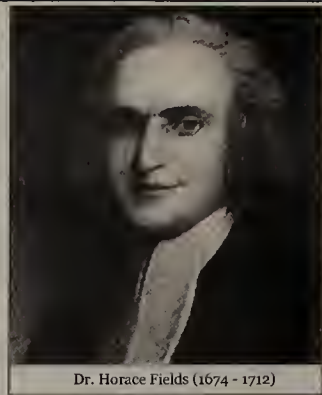
SANTA KLAUS, A Case Study

Dated this 26th day of December, 1703.

Purpose & Hypothesis:

To capture Santa Klaus (the Subject). Cut him open to see what his insides are made of and see if transmutation of Subject's base materials into gold is possible. I, Dr. Horace Fields (herein Researcher), disciple of the late Dr. Grey, am acting in regards to the wishes of my most esteemed King.

Researcher's note: Experiment will occur in two distinct phases: Primary Phase (1) capture of Subject through (necessary) force; Secondary Phase (2) internal analysis of Subject or the cutting in two.



Dr. Horace Fields (1674 - 1712)

Primary Phase A. THE ROOFTOP ENCOUNTER

To aid in the cause, the Researcher has hired into his employment a trained team of Knighted missionaries skilled in all the greatest forms of weaponry (fig. 16. Seven knights on horseback display their armist: swords, daggers, war-clubs, German gothic battle axes, Celtic spears).

Researcher vows not to make the same mistakes as last year in utilizing basic tools to capture subject (fig. 1d. butterfly net).

(10:00 PM): The Researcher and his hired-guns position themselves and wait on the roof-top of their lord's humble and esteemed castle for the Subject to make his appearance.

(11:00 PM): Subject does not formulate. Researcher is annoyed. Where's the Subject? He's late. The Researcher and his team become apathetic. A game of cards and an engagement in rounds of distilled spirits takes place to pass the time (fig. 1f. Remedy for

boredom: A pitcher of beer. A pornographic set playing cards).

(11:53 PM): Subject, arrayed in red armour, makes his manifestation (finally). Subject is accompanied by a notable crew of horned deer that are endowed with what appears to the Researcher as the power to run amongst the heavens. The hired guns prepare for battle.

(11:55 PM): The Subject's landing of the roof is quickly met with attack by the



(fig. 6a. the knights bombard the unsuspecting deer, severing their limbs).

missionaries, rendering the horned deer powerless

(11:56 PM): The Subject expresses bewilderment at the event (uses phrase, "what the fuck?"). The Subject, out of apparent fear for his life, proceeds to leap from his carriage and flee toward the chimney of the fortress carrying a large sack of toys. The Subject disappears within the chimney's enclosure (fig. 17).

The Researcher and his team are fortunate enough to seize a particular body of interest from what appears to be the leader of the horned deer. A gory portion of this deer's radiant extremity is now in safe-keeping

B. THE CAPTURE

(12:01 AM): The Knighted missionaries proceed to follow the intruder through the roof entry. The Subject is located trapped to the metallic instrument of toothed-attachments previously strategically placed for his capture earlier that evening (fig. 19b). The subject shows signs of suffering.

Torment and anguish register in his facial ressions. Under the Researcher's instructions, the Subject is sedated through applied anaesthetics (fig. 23. Anaesthetics: A cast iron frying pan) and submitted to the Alchemist for analysis.

"Cast Iron" Sedation: force applied to subject's skull.

Intense rigor mortis of valuable cargo.

Subject's ankle experiencing mild discomfort.

(fig. 19b).



Secondary Phase C. ANALYSIS AND OBSERVATION OF SUBJECT

(12:15 AM): The Alchemist is speedy in his examination. Using his medical instruments (fig. 31. 18th century French surgeon's saws) through the upper portion of the Subject's left arm.



(fig. 31. 18th century French surgeon's saws)

A creamy and stained formulae spews forth from the Subject's arm (figure. 33b.).

(12:32 AM): Our initial observations of the internal foundations of the subject's arm lead to rather blasphemous conclusions. We decide after several tests that the substance

is a complicated mixture of a concoction similar in its character to those of taffy and caramel.

D. THE AWAKENING OF THE SUBJECT, CONFRONTATION WITH HIS LEGIONNAIRES

(12:38 AM): The anaesthetic weakens its hold on the Subject. The Subject awakes and, upon observing the operations performed on his left arm, begins to shriek in a most horrifying manner. The Subject's yells pierce through the air with daemonic powers.

(12:40 AM): Researcher registers noises on rooftop and in chimney. A multitude of green-armoured miniature men equipped with red and white multicoloured canes emerge from the fire-place and run towards the Subject (who I have through ponderous study determined to be their master and creator).

(12:41 AM): Alchemist expresses concern over the situation. Suggests a hasty flee from

the scene.

Alchemist attempts his escape but is intercepted by Subject (who is still clamped to the operation table). Grasping Alchemist's neck, the Subject proceeds to, with what appears to be the power of thirty men, lift the alchemist into the air and lunge him mightily to a corner of the chamber (fig. 43. The Subject raises this Alchemist into the air with awesome powers).

(12:42 AM): The Subject makes motion of arms towards the corner of the room, presumably prompting the miniature men to leap forth through the air and violently molest the Alchemist (fig. 47c. the green-armoured elves gnaw away at the alchemist's body, especially his neck, arms and crotch).



(fig. 33b. the sedated Klaus lays clamped to an operating table, his severed arm leaks out a thick, creamy substance)

Unexpected Phase D. THE RESEARCHER ESCAPES PERIL

(12:43 AM): Not wishing to engage in any physical bouts, the Researcher decides to run. The Alchemist yells for help. The Researcher then returns to the Alchemist to help him but witnesses one of the elves gnaw-off the Alchemist's leg. Another elf maliciously inserts a cane into the Alchemist's eyeball. The Researcher decides he can better serve the King through empirical observation of the event, besides which, he feels it is more professional to avoid influencing the outcome of the experiment. The Researcher is able to make an escape from the premises. From a safe distance, the Researcher is able to observe the activities which occur after the attack (fig. 51a. the Researcher hides behind bushes, watches activity on the rooftop).

(12: 48 AM): Subject returns to the rooftop. Subject seems to have repaired the damage to his left arm, perhaps through

the supernatural aid of his devilish elvin creatures. Subject verbally expresses anger and resentment (uses term, "fucking jack-off") towards mutilated alchemist, who is now being carried by the Subject in a cotton sack (fig. 57 a bloodied sack containing a body).

(12:50 AM): The Subject proceeds to perform a magical spell upon his deer and awakes them. The Researcher then observes the Subject, along with his legion of miniature men, perform bodily functions atop the roof (fig. 62. elf pisses words, "go to hell" in the snow). The Subject and his entourage then board the carriage and flee off into the heavens.

Conclusion of Study:

Chemical analysis has put an end to the hypothesis that Santa Klaus' insides can be turned to gold. Researcher does not ever, ever want to try to capture Santa Klaus again. Researcher promises to be a good boy from now on.

End case study: Subject Klaus



INTERNATIONAL NEWS BRIEFS

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER'S SECRET PLANS REVEALED



CALIFORNIA (Reuters) - After watching multifarious episodes of "Pinky and the Brain" in his California home, witnesses report Arnold muttering "First California, then America and then the World!"

Apparently this was followed by bursts of maniacal laughter. His scriptwriters were consulted on this matter and surprisingly knew nothing of it.

NINJA LEMURS FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES IN MADAGASCAR

MADAGASCAR

(Associated Press) - The endangered Madagascar Lemurs have finally decided to fight back. After decades of poaching and habitat destruction, these Lemurs have had enough. Their elite fighting squads are specially trained to use their cuteness to lure humans close enough to challenge them to Ninja style blinking contests in which the human victims are reduced to a state of madness and inevitably run away screaming in terror.



INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC AWARENESS CAMPAIGN LAUNCHED

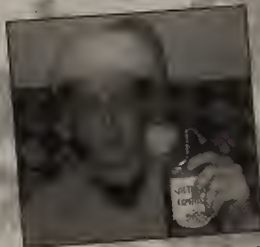


SOMEWHERE (Reuters) - Yesterday was the official kick-off to the International Public Awareness Campaign. The week-long campaign is aimed at increasing public awareness and understanding in communities throughout the world. "This situation is completely intolerable and the worst thing is, no one knows about it!" said Michael Edwards, the campaign's chief organizer. "We must inform society and increase awareness on all levels." Public service announcements focus on the heart wrenching circumstances surrounding the public's complete lack of awareness. The announcements featuring uninformed adults and innocent children or abandoned pets shivering in the rain tell of the disastrous consequences of being naively unaware. "We still have a long way to go to make people aware," said Edward, "The majority of the public still doesn't know what the hell this campaign is all about."

GORBACHEV ANNOUNCES "PANTS ARE FOR CHUMPS"

MOSCOW, RUSSIA (Reuters) - In a press conference held this Thursday, Mikhail Gorbachev, former president of the USSR and 1990 Nobel Peace Prize winner, publicly denounced the popular garment before an assembly of reporters and political figures. "Friends, fellow politicians, members of the press: pants are for chumps," he stated. Clad in hammer and sickle boxer shorts obscured only by a podium, the political figure, best known for the glasnost and perestroika movements during his tenure as Secretary General of the Communist Party, went on to describe the merits of a pants-less state. He proceeded to stretch lethargically onto an overstuffed leather recliner as the crowd dispersed in bewilderment.

Recently, the Toike Staff managed to intercept a few of your letters to Santa. Sure it meant rooting around through several campus mailboxes in the wee hours of the morning in the freezing cold in knee-deep snow walking uphill both ways and a couple pursuits by campus police. But nothing is too good for our readers.



Dear Santa,
After three years of engineering at UofT, I haven't slept for half that time. I've suffered from alcohol poisoning seven times and I had my stomach pumped once, not that I'm complaining. Conversely however, all I've learned is $F=ma$ and you can't push on a rope and I'm STILL a virgin. If you consider the simple equation $\sin(x) = (\sin(x) + \cos(x))/\sqrt{2}$, you'll see that I've spent tens of thousands of dollars on a brand name education that clearly will not pay off in the long run. By analyzing a second equation $y = \sec(x)$, you might ask why is sex non-existent? I know you're not a rich man Santa. I see you've been wearing the same outfit for a number of years now (much like myself) so I won't ask you for a refund of my tuition. But what I really want this Christmas, Santa, is to get laid. For once. Please? I don't have very high standards. During the past month, my fantasies have included Paris Hilton, Lois Griffin and occasionally Robert Burgelman. Although it's not mandatory, I would prefer someone with a pulse. What's Mrs. Claus doing this weekend?

Thanks in advance.
Myron McMann
CIV OTS

Dear Santa,

Thanks for the Hostage Negotiation Barbie you brought me last year. I never thought you could like top Touch-me-Inappropriately Elmo. You never cease to astound me Santa. But this year I need a miracle! As you know, I recently turned fifteen and I'm in my first year at the university of Toronto. School is so hard! There are like lots of smart people here! In my senior year at Our Lady of the Holy Assumption and Grace of God's Divine and Righteous Will in Mississauga, I got 90s in all my courses. Popular Culture of the GTA, Advanced Hollywood Gossip and Intro to Alcohol Consumption. For some reason, my PHY138Y1 prof doesn't care about Holt Renfrew's anniversary sale or Britney's inability to wear certain shades of blue on her face or even the names of the boys n boys I gave it up for at Brunny last Saturday night! All he cares about are like angles of refraction or something. As if that's not enough, my roommate terrifies me, I can't even afford to read Teen Cosmo anymore, and I owe Roberts so much money in short term loan fines, they're going to build a fifteenth floor and name it in my honour Santa, I'm so overwhelmed here. All I want from you this Christmas is an OAC year.

Like,
Priscilla



Trials of the Great North

In a continuing effort to provide our readers with quality reading material, the Toike Oike has put together an expedition to the great Canadian Arctic to celebrate the first day of winter. The team consisted of marine biologist, Martha Plum; snow biologist, Frederick Hendelton; animal stool specialist, Jack Prieze; professional team traitor, Victor Liethenta; cool expert and Canadian rap sensation, Snow; and world renowned adventurer, Warren Mansfield.

What follows are various excerpts from Warren's book "Trials of the Great North." They recount the spectacular expedition of Warren and his team to the Canadian Arctic.

Day 6
The morning air was crisp and cool. Despite being thick in the brilliance of the arctic sun we could still feel the cold cut through us. Fresh snow crunched (c) beneath our feet as we marched across a field of endless white. Jack had long since run out of Ziploc bags but continued to collect stool samples. None of us criticized him, but we had all begun to religiously label our Tupperware. Despite the success of our expedition so far, there was certain indignity in the atmosphere-the monotony of the landscape, eating frozen hotdogs, and muttering to arctic icebergs had taken its toll on most of us. Around midday I decided that a change of pace would best the team's morale. A wholesome snowball fight proved to be rejuvenating for everyone. The frolicking came to an end shortly after we managed to take down rap sensation Snow by giving him the snow job of his life. Frederick had just finished Snow off with a Fergie (his Nobel prize winning wicker) when Martha noticed that we had

inadvertently disturbed a literal shitload of animal droppings previously hidden under a layer of fresh snow. The way melting snow uncovered a soggy dog turd mingled reminded me of springtime in a city park. We unanimously voted to bring our recreation to an end. Jack, however, began making snow angels again with renewed fervor.

Day 14
We met up with the expedition team from National Geographic yesterday. They were in high spirits and welcomed us warmly. Our mugs of hot cocoa, they had plenty of stories about their own expedition to share with us. Their expedition was surprisingly well-funded considering how rich their team leader was. Before we parted, they left us their spare heater and some supplies. We left them icicles in their underwear. In any case, the encounter made us realize just how vast and lonely the arctic can be - oh, we mixed laxatives into their brownies too! Aside from that, the few of us could not help but marvel at how - that's right, we also pissed in their drinks. In retrospect, perhaps we were a bit harsh on our colleagues. There may be illfeelings amongst our peers, but I would like to point out that it was all Martha's idea. She was the one who - wait, I get why we took all their toilet paper home! Brilliant! Frederick, you genius!

Day 21
Around noon we came across a fantastic sight. A polar bear was spotted crossing the tundra with two cubs. Fortunately we had come prepared for such an opportunity. While Martha and I prepared the camera equipment, Frederick and Snow went ahead to greet



the polar bears with a case of Classic Coke in glass bottles. To our dismay, they had a different time getting any of the bears to hold a bottle let alone pass for us. Eventually, I suggested that maybe the bears refused to drink Coke without proper sunglasses and jaunty carves. The task was perfect for Victor. It was about time he did something useful. As it turns out, Victor lied on his resume and did not have experience dressing polar bears. He was torn to shreds. Disappointed from missing such an incredible photo opportunity, most of us spent the rest of day in silence. Jack, however, complained incessantly, and would not stop talking about his wife back home. Snow suggested that we go hump a snow bank to cool down.

Day 34
The team has had enough of Jack's whining about his frostbitten penis. It was his own fault for listening to Snow. To shut him up, we all agreed to chip in and buy him a new one when we returned from our expedition. If memory serves me correctly, the Engineering Store in the basement of SF had the best prices and the widest selection.

[Ed: At the time of printing, the Engineering Store no longer stocks Blue & Gold Replacement Penises. 175th Anniversary edition Flashlights are still available.]

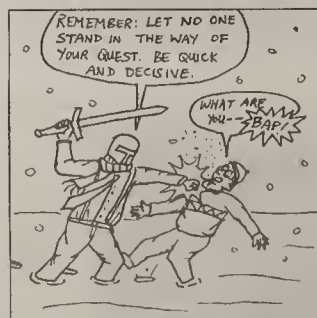
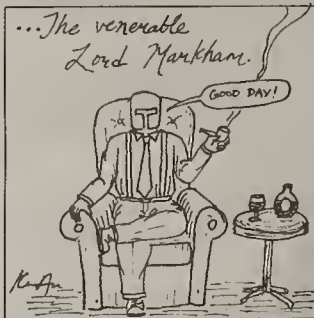
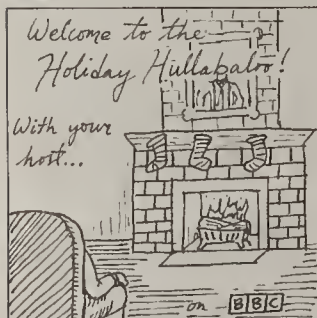
Our journey is far from over, though. We still have a great distance to travel and I'm starting to regret bringing my hockey equipment with me.

Warren Mansfield is an acclaimed adventurer and two-time winner of the coveted Lord Markham Award for Errantry. To order Warren's unabridged book from us send two pieces of bullshit to toike@skule.ca

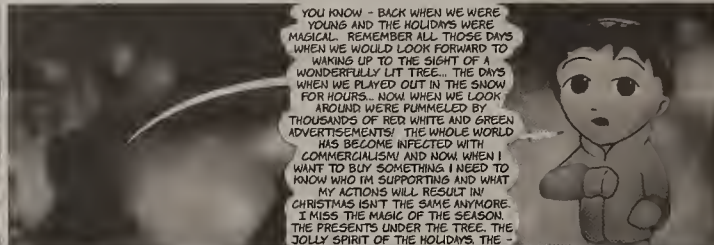
COMICS

Adventurer's Mark

For past episodes & commentary, please visit
<http://individual.utoronto.ca/~rev>



Busy Busy Apple Pie By Henry Cheung <http://revdick.us/starline.ca/henrycheung/>



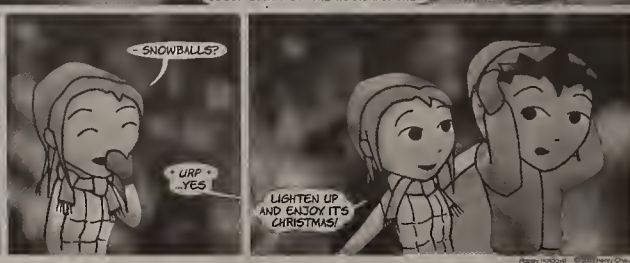
HEY MAN!

YEA I'M TALKING TO
YOU...

STOP LOOKING
AROUND, YOU'RE NOT
CRAZY!

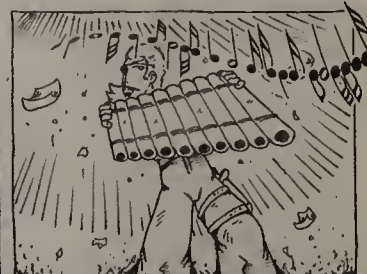
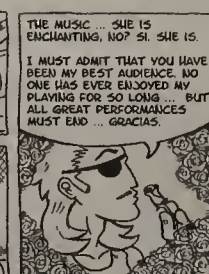
DO ME A FAVOUR AND
SEND ME SOMEWHERE
WARM AND COZY
THIS WINTER!

I HAD ENOUGH WITH
PEOPLE WIPING THEIR
ASSES WITH ME...

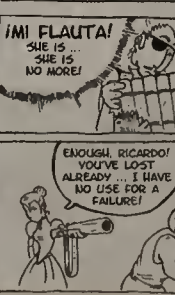
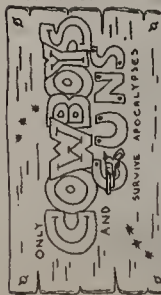


Quarto
The Pan Piper

You can't leave now
The stage is set
The music is playing
And the dance is
already well underway



Also Visit www.xanadoc.com/



Robert M. Lee Presents

HOROSCOPES

**Aquarius** (Jan 20 - Feb 17)

Today your love for Butterfingers will open a portal to another dimension.

**Pisces** (Feb 18 - March 20)

Your half-man, half-animal creation keeps you awake at night with its constant sobbing.

**Aries** (March 21 - April 19)

Your daily internet masturbation session will be momentarily ruined when you stumble upon pictures of a model that slightly resembles your mother.

**Taurus** (April 20 - May 19)

Someone once told you that there was a one-in-seven million chance that you'd ever be struck by lightning, but no one ever told you that you'd pee and diarrhoea yourself all over.

**Gemini** (May 20 - June 20)

Your brief glimpse of a naked German she-man has opened more doors than necessary.

**Cancer** (June 21 - July 21)

You never thought that shooting a musket at a dinosaur from the back of an open Land Rover would prove to be so exhilarating.

**Leo** (July 22 - Aug 22)

You will discover Stone Philip's secret stash of Japanese tentacle porn and ruin his illustrious career as a news anchor.

**Virgo** (Aug 23 - Sept 21)

This is no joke. The Grand Vizier demands your presence immediately. Incant your scroll of instantaneous travel, post-haste!

**Libra** (Sept 22 - Oct 22)

Don't worry, drinking Swiss Chalet gravy directly from the cup isn't morally wrong, but handcuffing a small child to a pipe in your boiler room was just plain evil.

**Scorpio** (Oct 23 - Nov 21)

Dazzling the sun worshippers with your tales of gold will only irk the local elders.

**Sagittarius** (Nov 22 - Dec 20)

Today, no one will believe you when a UFO descends into your backyard, only to project a life-size hologram of Wayne Newton drinking a vanilla Ensure.

**Capricorn** (Dec 21 - Jan 19)

You will soon discover the mysterious joys of armpit fucking.

RYERSON UNIVERSITY

Earn your

Fast Food Manager's Degree

or your

Assistant Manager's Diploma

in just two years!



Develop important skills in:

- handling over backwards (for externally unsatisfied customers)
- dealing with employees who couldn't give a flying fuck
- spitting in burgers and fries in a fast paced environment
- living on less than \$30,000 per year

Ryerson "University" - Continuing Education that Goes Nowhere.

boot-strap (bōōt'strāp) *n.* a strap
on —*adj.* undertaken or effected without
 [a bootstrap operation] —*lift* (or *raise*)
one's own bootstraps to achieve success by one's
 unaided efforts
boot tree same as SHOE TREE
boo-ty (bōōt'ē) *n., pl. -ties* [MLOWG. *bute*, akin to G. *bute*;
infl. by BOOT²] 1
 I like big butts
booze (bōōz) *vi.* boozed, booz'ing [Du. *buizen*: see BOUSE;
Colloq.] to drink too much alcoholic liquor —*n.* [Colloq.]
 an alcoholic drink; liquor 2. a drinking spree
 W. (A) *radio* *ha* *when* *not* *West*, *Colo*

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

A-Z certified drivers wanted. Must be good with rope and duct tape. Min 3 yrs abduction experience. Call Neely Cartage, 905-555-5883.

AROMATIC man needed to help me into my tight leather cat suit. Call Mark, 416-555-2547.

CAN you turn a squirrel's head 180 degrees? If so, call Matt, 416-555-7388.

CAPTAIN req'd for voyage to Amazon. Expect spears, poison tipped darts, and voodoo chanting. 416-555-1634.

DRUNK uncle needed to come over for Christmas dinner. Must have loud voice and ex-wife. Call Stu, 905-555-9832.

ENGLISH pigs with no brains needed to roll around in mud and oink like little piggies. Call Maurice, 416-555-4677.

FLOOR scrapers needed to scrape gunk off high school cafeteria floor. You will get all that shit off you fucking mutt. Call Ben, 416-555-8884.

WORSHIPERS needed to throw themselves at my feet and sacrifice their lives for fear of my mighty wrath. Office Depot is also hiring cashiers. Resumes only. Call Gerard, 416-555-1925.

MERCH FOR SALE

DEVO whip it hat. \$11. Carl, 416-555-4936.

EMERGENCY medical hologram. Complete with cunning quips, satire, and mild rhetoric. Please state the nature of the medical emergency. Call Jeb 906-555-2988.

FABULOUS sweaters for sale. Call Ian, 416-555-2457.

FOR SALE. Extensive tentacle porn collection. Call Wilhelm, 416-555-3578

HAMBUGLER costume. This Christmas, show your children you love them by dressing up like a total douche bag. Fries not included. Call Corwin, 555-2397.

JAR of belittled opinions. Ike, 416-555-2831.

MERCH WANTED

8AG of dicks wanted...for you to suck! Call Samson, 426-555-1577.

DILITHIUM crystals needed to reinitiate the warp core before 0500 hours. Will not accept Trillithium due to its unstable nature. Call Jordie, 555-7676.

FRIENDSHIP, man, friendship. I just dig being alive man. Think of all those things you thought were important man, and you know, they're just not mau. Denis, 416-555-4566, alright?

RAINDROPS on roses, whiskers on kittens, bright copper kettles, warm woollen mittens, brown paper packages tied up with string wanted. These are a few of my favourite things. Oh, and small children. Call 80b, 416-555-2882.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: magic ring of explosive diarrhoea. I made it when I was watching TV and I lost it in a river. Call Mad Margion, 905-555-6675.

Best Wings Best Student Pub

-2002 eye magazine reader's poll



ein·stein

Weekly Events:

Monday: Man Vs. Martini
Tuesday: Toonle Toosedays
Wednesday: Open Mike Nite
Thursdays: Pub Rules & Prices
Friday: Apres Suds!
Saturday: Surprise Events
Sunday: Free Pool & Comedy

229 College Street
 ("CE" on Compus mop)
www.ein-stein.ca
 416/59•STEIN

BEER•WINGS•POOL•JAVA•NTN
 SPORTS•MUSIC•QB1•SPIRITS
 COMEDY•JUKEBOX•EVENTS

FOUND: doodles of myself sodomizing students in the men's washroom of the Galbraith Building. If caught, the miscreants shall be sodomized. Please turn yourselves in. Call Prof. Kellenspazestack, 555-0880.

FOR RENT

ROOM for one in the belly of a TonTon. \$45/wk, Han, 416-555-2375.

CONNECTIONS

BABY, if you want a little bit o some chocolate with your sugar, I can deliver it. I can deliver it right to your door. Call Danko, 416-555-8265.

SINGLE sock. I made my escape, and now I need a lover. Help me, I don't know how much more of this I can take. I'm so lonely, and I'm coming unravelled.

Want to place an ad?
Go fuck yourself.

JUST FOR KIDS!

Annual Christmas extravaganza!

Help U of T president Robert J. Birgeneau get ready for Holidays!

That's right kids, Birgeneau wants to help decorate your Christmas tree, but he can't decide what to wear. Cut out his body, and each of the 5 gowns; you might want to get a grownup to help you with this part. Place one of the gowns over Birgeneau's body, and slide the tabs into the slots to secure the clothes in place. Punch a hole in the top, and hang the decoration so that Birgeneau can help you get into the holiday spirit!

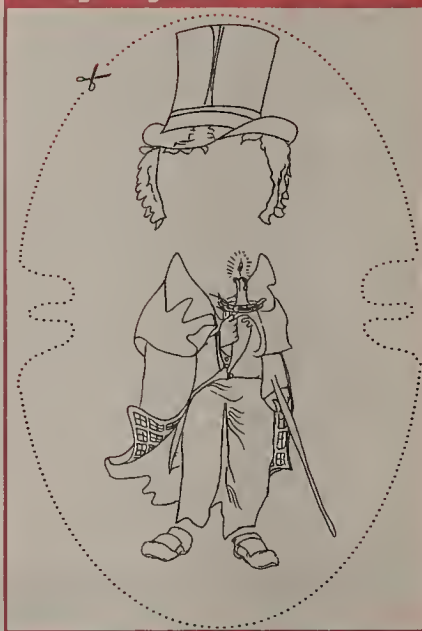
Holiday Birgeneau



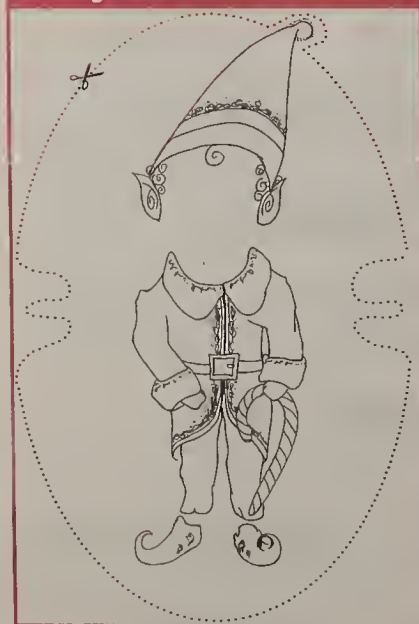
Santa Birgeneau



Scrooge Birgeneau



Elf Birgeneau



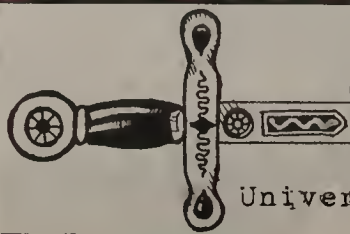
Pirate Birgeneau



Angel Birgeneau



GIVE THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING!



The Toike Oike

University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Since 1911